GAUTEMALA.

Fatal Results of Feugo's Eruption—Seventeen Families Smothered.

From the New York Herald.

The eruption of the volcano de Fuego on the 29th of June was, according to a correspondent from the scene, far more disastrous, than was at first reported. "For a few days previous to the breaking out of the fire," writes our correspondent, "the weather was unusually sultry, but there was not the slightest sign given by the mountain that it was going to be sick. The mountain chain, of which Fuego forms one of the pinnacles, extends from the northwestern boundary of the republic to the republic of Honduras. It runs parallel with the Pacific coast nearly all the way, being from ten to thirteen leaguea inland. In the vicinity of Fuego are several other large volcanoes, the principal ones being Amatitian, Agua, and Aacaya. Agua is called the sister of Fuego, as they are near each other and almost identical in form. The natives never showed any apprehension of a great eruption, although Fuego was always steaming, while mud and water sometimes overflowed the crater of Agua. From my position in the town of Esquintla the scene witnessed was one of awful grandeur. The great column of fire that rose nearly 500 feet, illuminated the surrounding country so that one could read a paper several miles away. The eruption began with a loud explosion, just before sunrise, and before the people of the surrounding villages could realize what had occurred they were enveloped in a cloud of sulphureus smoke and hot ashes. The villages of Masagua, Mistern, and Latours, although nearer the coast than Esquintla, were covered by a thick coating of ashes. The Rio Guacalate overflowed its banks, but, fortunately, not sufficiently to be destructive. The families living on the side of the mountain in isolated huts were the greatest sufferers, seventeen of them having been smothered in the ashes that fell in great quantities. The pride of Guatemala—the new railroad—did not suffer any damage by the eruption. The road has just been finished as far as Esquintla, making the total distance of the road in working order twenty-eight miles. It was begun under the most adverse circumstances, by Senor Don Guillermo Nanne, and built under the supervision of Chief Eginepr Scherzer. After the failure of the Costa Rica railroad in 1876, Mr. Nanne, who was the director general, contracted with the government of Guatemala to build a railroad from the coast line to the great coffee regions on the mountain slopes, and with the aid of American capitalists was enabled to complete his contract in such a satisfactory manner that he is now about to extend the road over the mountains to the capital. The road is of American material, from the spikes and rails to the locomotives and cars. This is the first work done in Central America with the aid of the resources of the United States, and it is likely that many other improvements will follow under the same leadership."

Shooting in England.

Richard Grant White in Atlantic Monthly.

Next to the horse in England is the gun. Accustomed as we are to see Englishmen who have crossed the Atlantic to visit America, and whose idea of that tour of observation seems to be to go two thousand miles to the western Plains to shoot, we yet have no adequate appreciation of the importance which shooting, as one of the occupations of life, has in the minds of tens of thousands of Englishmen. Hunting and shooting in England are not mere recroations, forms of casual pleasure, to be enjoyed now and then, leisure and weather-serving. In the hunting season hunting men are not content, as I found on talking with some of them, to go out with the hounds once or twice a week. They hunt three or four times a week, and even every day, except Sunday, if possible. I wonder that they except Sunday. For if a man in the country may work in his garden, and a woman in London may cry water-cresses on Sunday out of church hours, I can see no reason why these gentlemen should refrain on that day from laboring in their vocation. Their vocation and calling it surely is. It is the business of their lives, and to hear them talk about it one would imagine that it had the importance of an affair of State. Shooting is hardly less thought of, and is more general because it is less costly. The pheasant, the partridge and the wood-cock are sacred birds provided for solemn sacrifice "Does he preserve?" is a question that I have heard asked by one country gentleman about another with as much interest and seriousness as if the inquiry were whether he had a seat in Parliament. An engagement to shoot is paramount to all others; an invitation to shoot, like an invitation from the president at Washington, sets aside all others. Englishmen will go from one end of the country to another for a few days shooting; and shooting means, nowadays at least, not a morning's walk with a dog and gun in a fine country and the bringing home of a few well earned birds and rabbits, but mere gun practice in a park at birds as flying marks. It has lost its connection with the enjoyment of nature and invigorating exercise. The "sportsmen" take their stands, and the birds are roused from the gorse by the gamekeepers' helpers, and are shot down or missed as they come within range. As I was in England during the shooting season, I had some invitations to take my chance at the pheasants. But I accepted none. I could use the little time I had to spend there more to my advantage, and also to my pleasure. As to shooting birds in that business-like fashion, I would as soon take trout out of a tub. And that, I suppose, will be the way soon provided for the contemplative man's recreation. The next thing to it seems to be the going to a fishing hotel and angling from a boat in a mill-pond.

Why not fish and shoot by telegraph as well as in this way? The charm of field sport is the field—the early start, the morning air, the sunrise, the walk over hill and through meadow, the country through which the game leads the seeker, the mid-day rest and luncheon with a companion or two by a clear sheltered spring, whose cool water is tempered by the contents of flasks which counteract the unmitigated effect of that dangerous fluid, the renewal of the search for game by woodside or brookside, and the pensive walk home to a hearty dinner, a pleasant evening's languid chat, and a well-earned, dreamless sleep. Compared with this, what are preserve shooting and pond-fishing.

The Value of a Change of Scene.

To the majority of us life is most frightfully monotonous. A perpetual round of duties has a depressing effect both on the body and mind. It wearies us day by day to see the same faces, view the same things, hear the same voices, smell the same odors, listen to and talk the same platitudes. After long experience at home we know exactly how the tea will taste. how the sirloin of beef is likely to be served up, what probability there is of the mutton being tough or the steak being underdone. We know, too, exactly what the wife will say when we come home, and the exact tone in which she will say it. When people live together day after day, month after month, and year after year, they find it very difficult to find subjects for profitable conversation. This monotony can best be combated by change of air; for with this comes variation of scene! with that arrives change of thought; and with that, again, start up new trains of ideas and expansion of mind. To go for change of air is, or ought to be, an expedition in quest of information, and a search for something new. From it one returns with a fresh fund of anecdotes, a new collection of stories, a fuller *repertoire* of experiences, and an additional store of illustrations, which, for months to come, serve to brighten the dull realities of life. It is obvious that if the main object of change of air is to get over the results of monotony. Paterfamilias should not always travel with his wife and family.

The Gang of Thieves.

From the Topeka Journal.

Following in the wake of Barnum's great show is a gang of thieves. At Atchison last Saturday they stole from Jolley's store fifteen watches and chains, and from Donald Bro.'s dry goods store a large amount of money and some valuable goods. Yesterday at Lawrence they took $100 from a dry goods store. Since Saturday Mr. James Shaw, detective of the city of Atchison, has been with the show, endeavoring to capture the thieves. At Leavenworth and Lawrence he was unsuccessful, but after arriving here this morning and notifying city marshal Dustan, who is also a detective, it was not long before they had one of the robbers in the city jail. They "took" the fellow in front of Crawford's opera house. Of course he kicked like a bay steer, but it was no use he was the man wanted. He gave his name as Arthur Michiel. At noon the officers were on the track of the rest of the gang, and confident of capturing them before night.

Wisdom consists not in seeing what is directly before us, but in discerning those things which may come to pass.

They Wanted to Live in the Stars.

From the Burlington Hawkeye.

Very near us sat two young people. He wore the face of a man who shaves three times a day, and that white necktie had never seen the starlight before. There was pearl powder on the shoulder of his coat, and a tender, dreamy look in her lovely eyes. They sat and looked up at the stars, and they didn't care for any solitary thing any nearer to this earth. "Mortimer," she murmured softly—"Mortimer," his name appeared to be Mortimer, though I couldn't learn whether it was his front name or his after name—"Mortimer, dear," she said, "if we could only live apart from this busy and sordid and unsympathetic world, in one of yon glittering orbs of golden radiance, living apart from all else only for each other, forgetting the base things of earthly life, the coarse greed of the world and its animal instincts, that would be our heaven, would it not, dear?"

And Mortimer, he said that it would.

"There, heart of my own," he said, and his voice trembled with earnestness, "my own darling Ethel, through all the softened radiance of the day and all the shimmering tenderness of night, our lives would pass away in an exalted atmosphere above the base-born wants of earthly mortals, and far beyond the chattering crowd that lives but for to-day, our lives, refined beyond the common ken—"

And just then the man with the gong came out. Mortimer, he made a grab at Ethel's hand and a plunge for the cabin door. Ethel just gathered her skirts with her other hand, jumped clear over the back of her chair and after him, and away they went clattering down the cabin, upset a chair, ran into a good, sweet old Quaker lady, and banged a bad word out of her before she had time to stop it; down the stairs they rushed, collared a couple of chairs at the nearest table, feed a waiter, and opened the action without skirmishing. I am a man of coarse mold and an earthborn appetite myself, and I wouldn't live in a star so long as I could find a good hotel in America; but long, long before I could get seats at the table, for my family, Mortimer and Ethel had eaten two bluefish, a little rare beefsteak, some cornbread, a plate of hot cakes, two boiled eggs and a bunch of onions, and the waiter had gone out to toast them some cheese.

MORAL.

I have, during my wanderings, met several people who wanted to live in a star, where earthborn people, with animal appetites couldn't trouble them, and I always found the safest place for an earthborn man, when the star-born soul started for the table was behind a large rock. Distrust the aspiring mortal who lives in a plane so elevated that he requires the use of a telescope when he wants to look down at the rest of us. And if he ever wants to board at your humble table, charge him $15 a week and feed him lots of soup, or you'll loose money on him.

A Gorilla Breaks Loose and Attacks the Manager of the Show.

A Chicago dispatch of the 26th says: A novel but bloody fight took place this morning at a State street garden between a monkey and a man in which the man got decidedly the worst of it. The monkey is about half gorilla and is kept in the zoological garden by a man named Lehman. Its weight is about seventy-five pounds, The beast was sullen and irritable, it being considered dangerous to approach him too closely. This morning at 8 o'clock he broke loose from his chain and immediately attacked Mr. J. T, King, the manager of the show, who was in the cage attending to him. He called for assistance, and Harry Martin, who was employed as night watchman of the establishment. responded. The brute turned his attention to the latter and sprang upon him fastening his teeth and claws in his lower limbs. Martin was powerless and utterly unable to free himself from the agile and vicious animal, and before assistance could be rendered he was bitten in more than twenty places. His lower limbs and left hand and wrist were frightfully lacerated by the animal's teeth, and his clothing was almost entirely torn from his body. He suffered considerable from loss of blood, but it is believed that he will survive.

The monkey escaped into the street and eluded his pursuers by running through alleys and under sidewalks. At last accounts the animal was still at large, though a number of men were engaged in looking for it. Martin, it appears was in the habit of teasing Jim, the monkey, by poking him with his cane, and consequently the latter took a violent dislike to him.

Spearing Sturgeon in San Francsco Bay.

From the San Francisco Bulletin.

With the exception of the great Canadian rivers, San Francisco harbor can boast of a larger variety of big fish than any other sheet of water on the continent. The sloughs in the vicinity of Newark and Alviso, on one side of the bay, and San Mateo and Redwood City, on the other, abound in sturgeon, but it is only this year that the fertile brain of the sportsman has devised a new and interesting means of capturing them, which has raised them to the level of game fish. It is the most exciting pastime that the amateur can indulge in, slaying the sturgeon as he should be slain, with keen spear and a tub of clear line behind it, and a strong arm to send the barb well home. It has just enough of danger in it to make the harpooner's pulses quicken when he poises himself for the throw, and his crew rest anxiously on their oars to await the result of his aim.

The English sturgeon is mentioned in British books as a royal fish, and, though he differs from his California brother, taking him with the spear may rightfully be entitled a royal sport. Those who would try their skill with the sturgeon must provide first a good spear. Now, having his spear, if he never cast one, a little practice to get the hang of the weapon will be useful. When he becomes accustomed to the balance, and finds that he can make a pretty accurate cast at 15 or 20 feet, he may look out for his line. A quarter-inch strong cotton, about 150 feet in length, will be the thing, and this must be stretched and restretched till not a kink remains and it is as smooth and flexible as a silk pocket handkerchief. An ordinary lance or two to give his fish the coup de grace may be added to the outfit. A tub in which to coil his line is indispensable, and this coil must be as clear and carefully laid down as a sailor's "Sunday Flemish" on the quarter-deck. A good, heavy Whitehall boat, with two oarsmen, the tub with the line placed nearly amidships, the line led through a well greased becket in the nose of the boat, the spearsman standing with his weapon in the bow, a cleat to make the line fast to where the fish gives any slack, and the sturgeon fisher is ready for his prey.

From now until August or the middle of September is the season for sturgeon. They can be found at about half flood on the weather shore of the sloughs and estuaries of the bay in shallow water. At the mouth of Alviso slough they lie in great abundance, the back fin out of water, and the difficulty in this locality is for the spearman to cast his iron without getting into one. When on the ground the spearman must direct his rowers to pull along gently—no splashing or talking. When within 10 or 12 feet he lanches his weapon, and the sturgeon, with one preliminary wallow, darts away, while the line, fake after fake, spins out of the tub. When the bow oar takes a turn with the line, the party can give any steamboat on the bay big odds and distance it. Sometimes the fish, if badly durt, eases up after a mile or so, and then if the fight is all out of him the lance will put an end to his troubles. A light axe to cut the line in case the sturgeon shows an inclination to take the party out the Golden Gate is a necessary part of the spearman's tackle, but a mile or less will nearly always give him enough of it. Sturgeon from 100 to 300 pounds, and the stingaree, a flat fish which also runs very large may be killed in this manner.

The Alleged Gold Discoveries in New York State.

From the New York Tribune.

The New York gold fever rages almost in the manner of what the Californians call "the ultimate West." Eight "mines" were claimed yesterday in the secretary of state's office. These are times when it becomes the honest resident of the interior to know "farmer's gold" when he sees it, and to be on his guard against thrifty speculators who are probably trying to get fancy prices for sterile lands.

However laborious the life of the good, it is less so than that of the bad.